

STARBLAZER

12p

AUS 40c NZ

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No.11

THE PURPLE PLANET



STARSHIP

*Out deep
in the far reaches
of infinity, many strange life
forms exist. Some insular, some peace-
ful, some aggressive, some inquisitive, and some
you can't comprehend. This is the story of three life forms,
one human, one aggressive and one from the Purple Planet.*

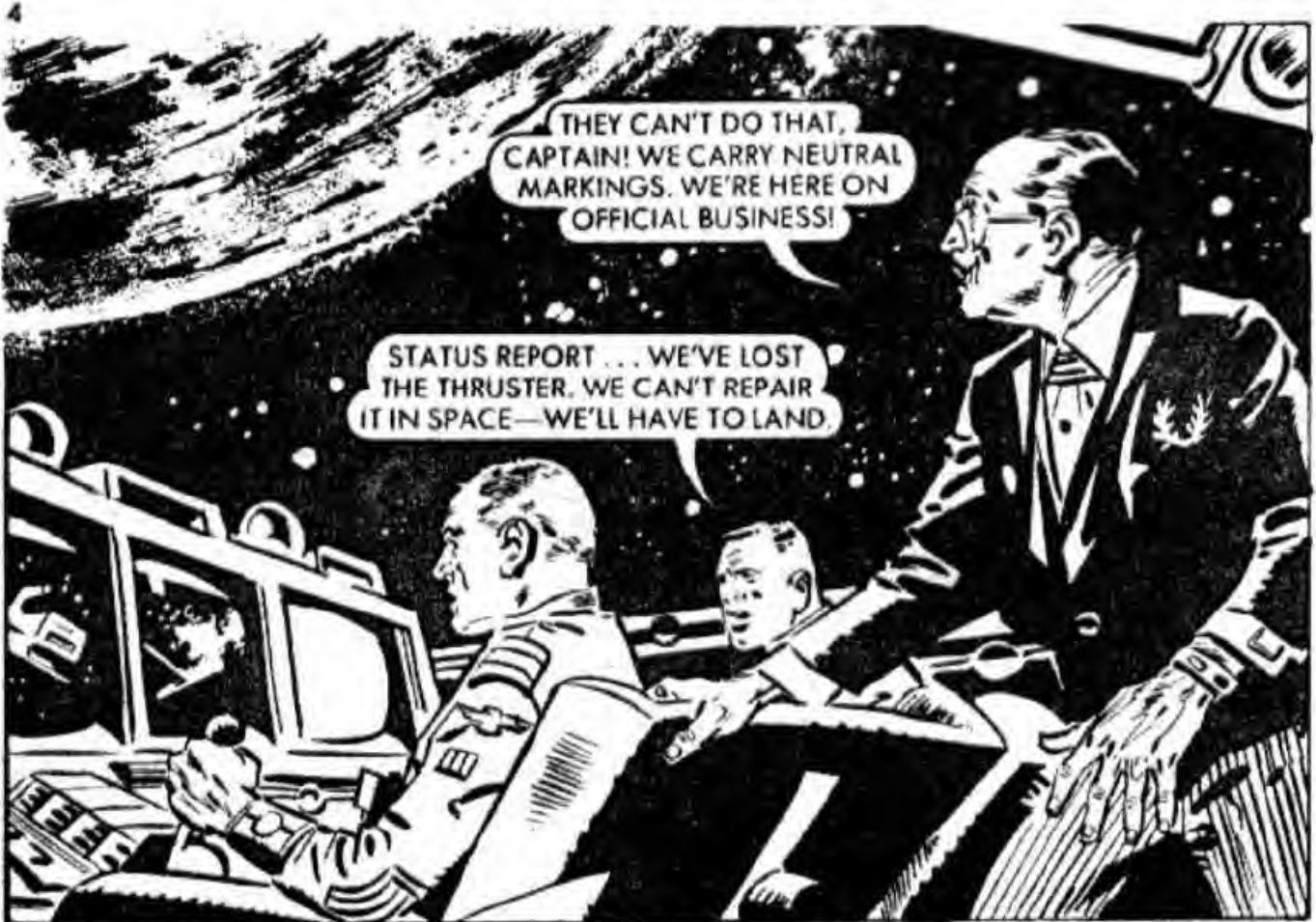
THE PURPLE PLANET

CAPTAIN! THAT
DRAK SHIP IS
ATTACKING US.

SOL-3

VERY OBSERVANT OF
YOU, SENATOR SAMSON!

EARTH WAS THE GALAXY'S PEACE-KEEPER, AND SEVERAL SENATORS WERE ABOARD SOL-3 TO ARBITRATE IN A LONG-STANDING WAR BETWEEN DRAK AND PROTA. BUT A DRAK SHIP OPENED FIRE ON THE PEACE-KEEPING MISSION.



A COUPLE OF HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES AWAY, THE FREIGHTER "STARBINE" WAS HEADING TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION. ITS CAPTAIN — NEWLY QUALIFIED — LIEUTENANT SIMEON.

"YOU KNOW, PUTE, I NEVER THOUGHT SPACE WOULD BE SO BORING!"



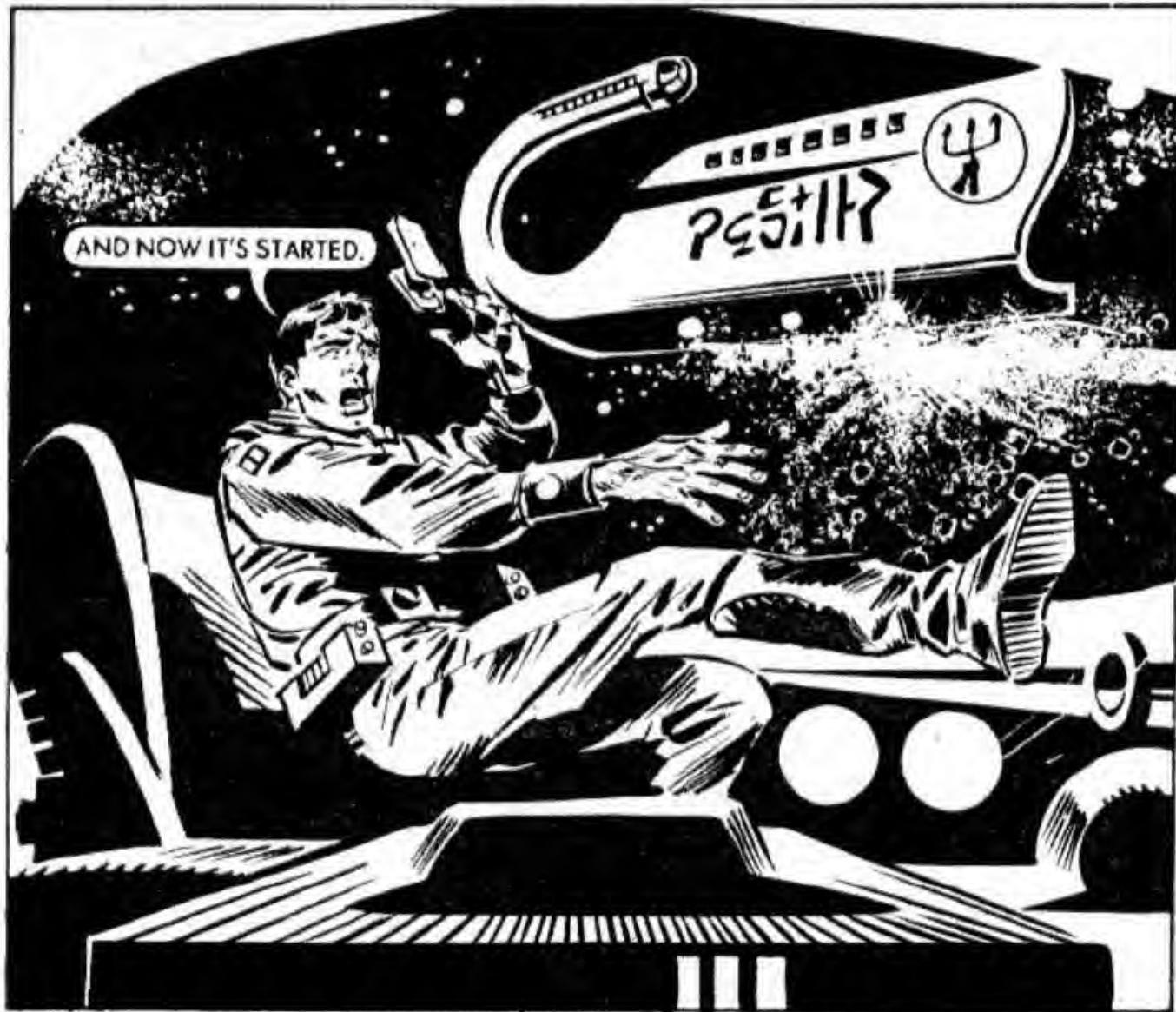
I AM A COMPUTER, SIR. I FIND NOTHING BORING.

THE SHIP'S AUTOMATIC! YOU COULD FLY IT! IT'S NOT HOW I IMAGINED IT AT NAVAL COLLEGE. I'M GOING TO BED.



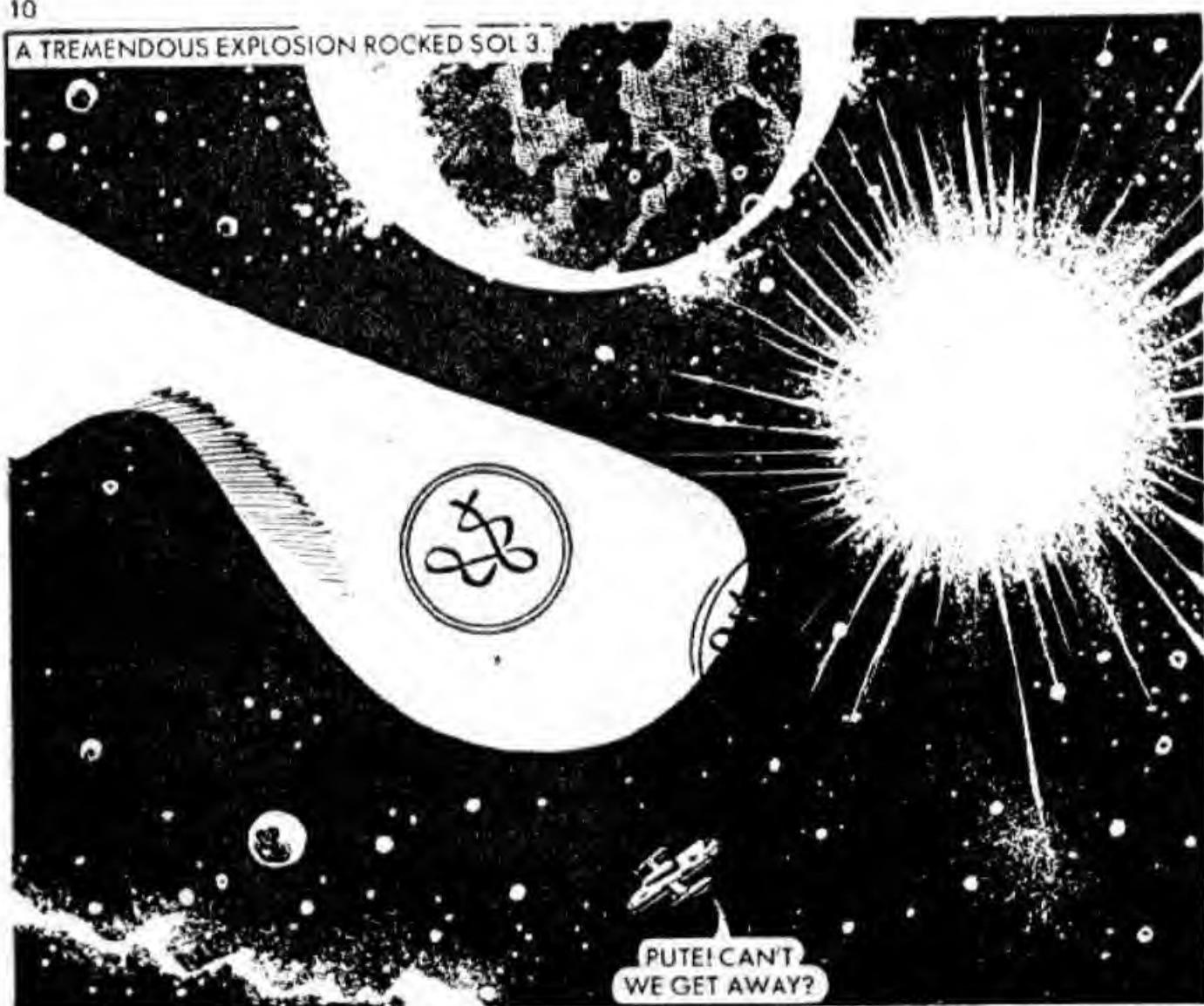








A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION ROCKED SOL 3.



FLIGHT WOULD BE AN ERROR AT THIS
POINT, SIR. EXCESSIVE WRECKAGE.



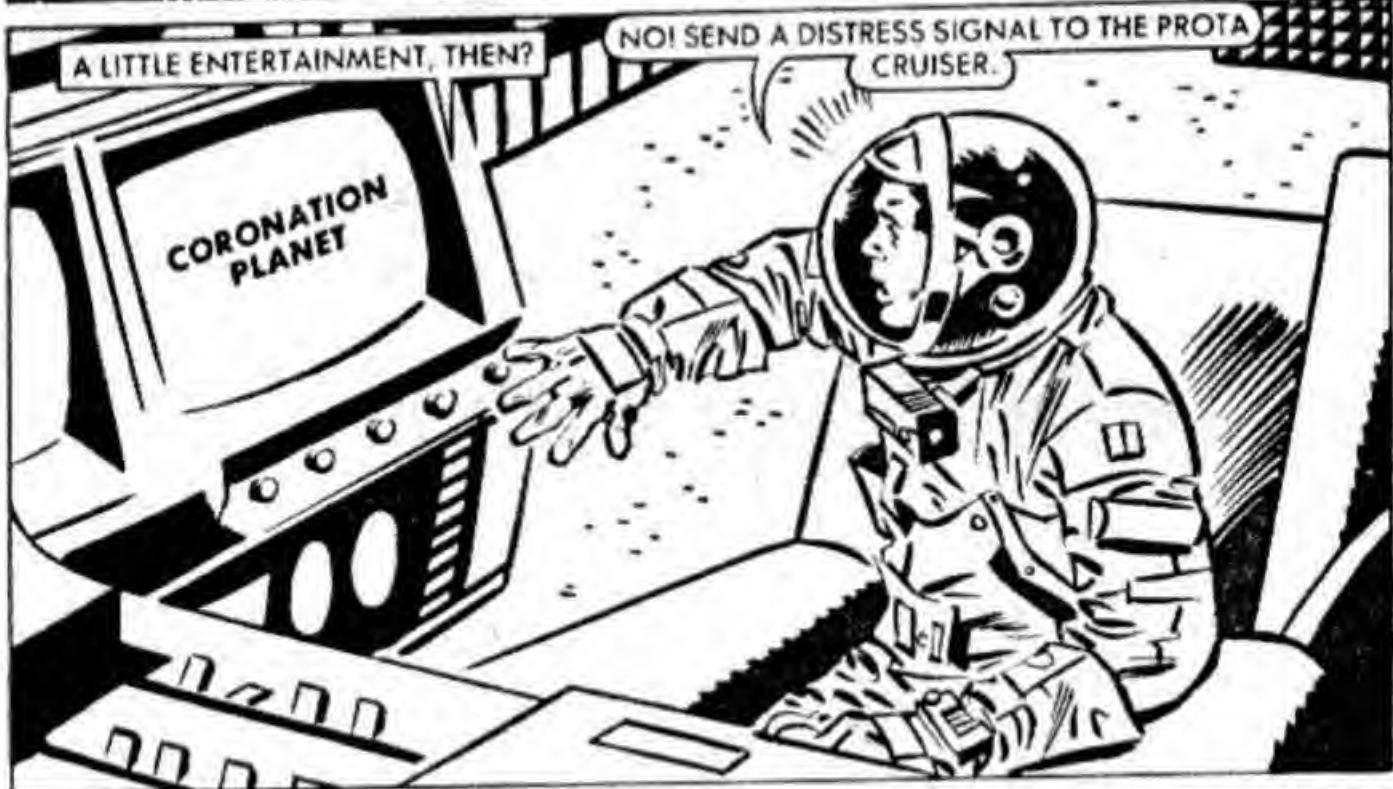
A PIECE OF WRECKAGE TORE A HOLE IN STARBINE'S HULL.

ATTENTION! DAMAGE TO OUTER
SKIN. CLOSING ALL PRESSURE DOORS.

I WOULD NEVER
HAVE GUESSED.

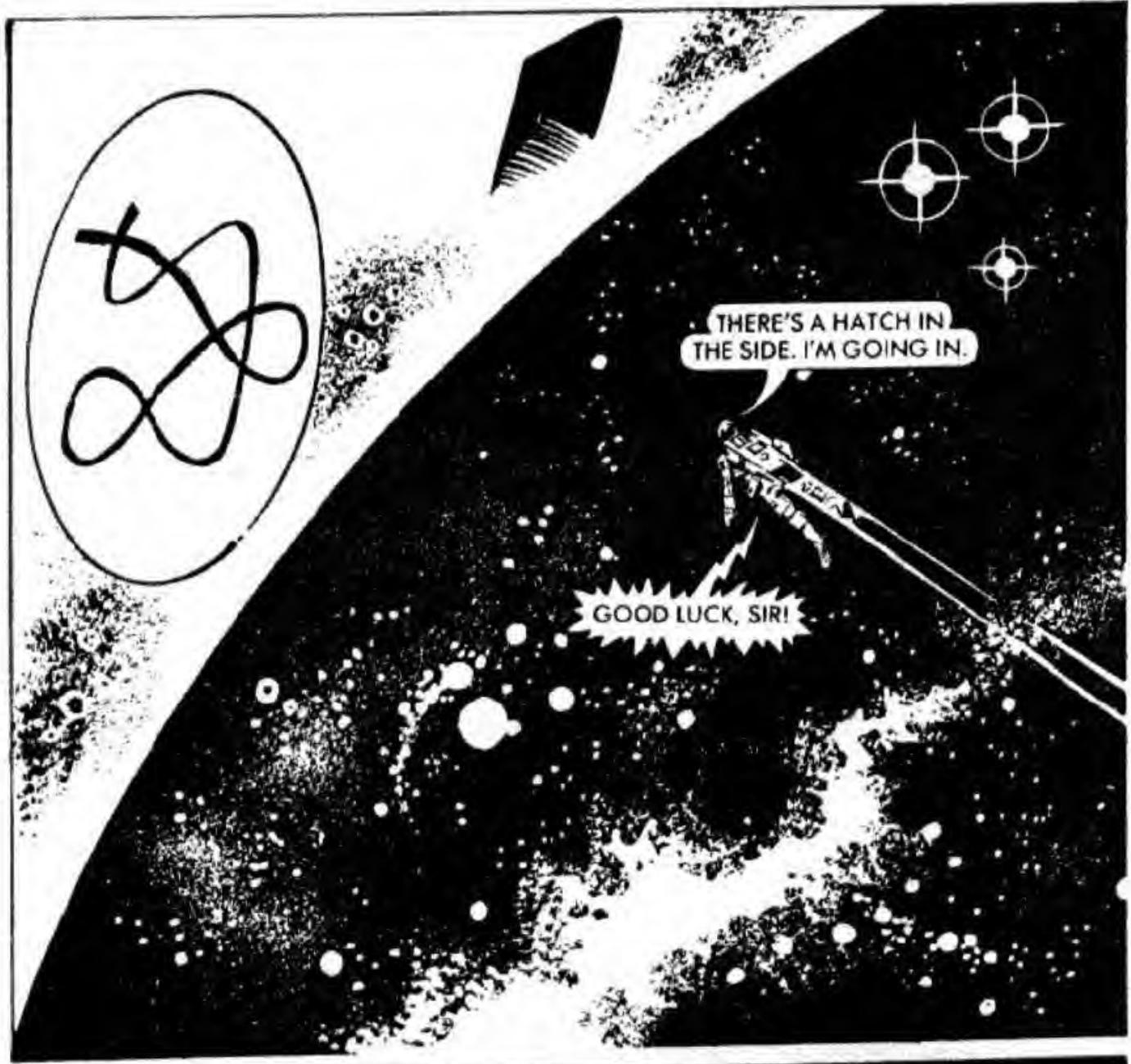
DAMAGE REPORT: CARGO INTACT.
STARBOARD ENGINE IMMOBILE.
PRESSURE LOSS ARRESTED. ARTIFICIAL
GRAVITY GENERATOR MAY HAVE
SUSTAINED DAMAGE.





AFTER SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS SIMEON DECIDED TO JET OVER.







WHAT'S HAPPENING
OUT THERE, PUTE—

THE CRUISER'S HEADING FOR
THE SURFACE OF PROTA. IT'S
PULLING STARBINE DOWN. BY THE
WAY, SIR, THE PLANET IS PURPLE
... EVEN THE VEGETATION.

AT LEAST WE'RE GOING IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION! KEEP ME
INFORMED. I'M GOING TO SEE IF
I CAN FIND ANY OF THESE PROTA
OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED.



BUT SIMEON'S SEARCH PROVED FRUITLESS.

IS THERE ANYBODY AT ALL IN
THIS LOUSY SHIP? I MUST HAVE
WALKED MILES!

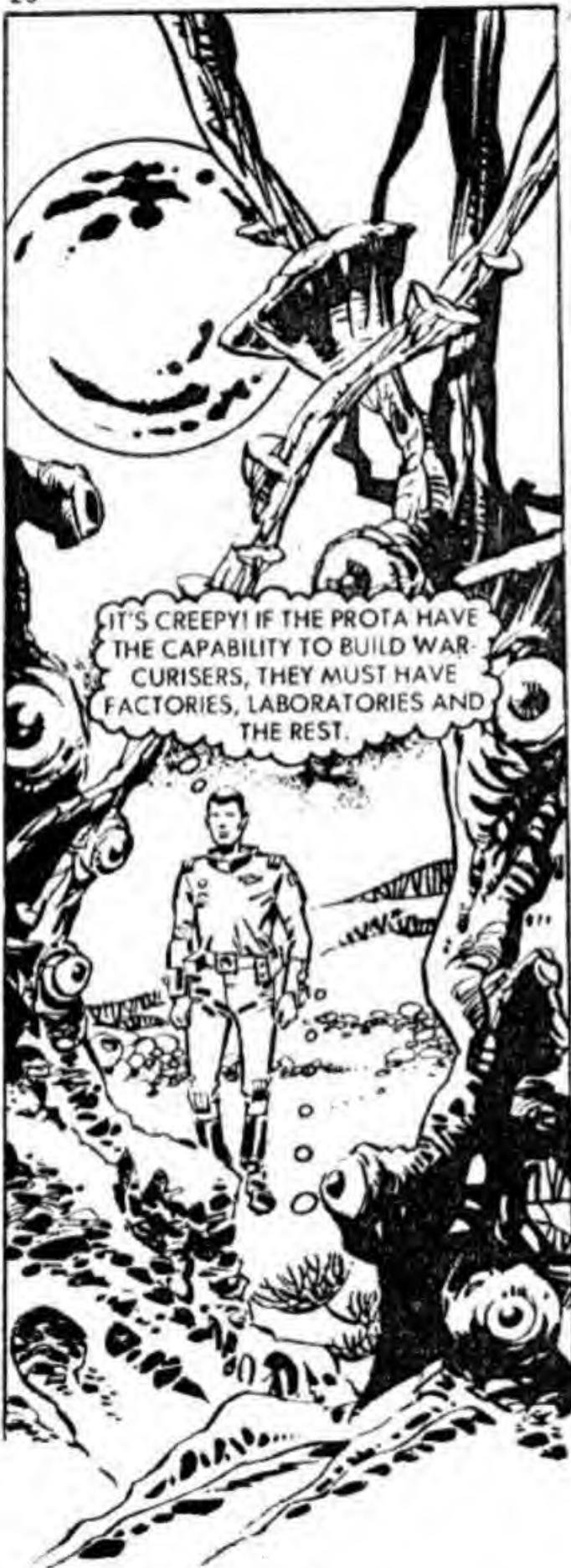
SECONDS LATER.

WE'RE LANDING, SIR.

I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE THE
ONLY GUEST AT A FUNERAL — MY
OWN. HOW DO I GET OUT OF THIS
THING?









SIMEON DIVED FOR COVER.

THEY'RE NOT PEACEFUL!
THEY MUST BE DRAKS!



COME OUT, PROTAN SCUM.

THEY THINK I'M A PROTAN!
THEY CAN'T HAVE SEEN
ONE, EITHER!













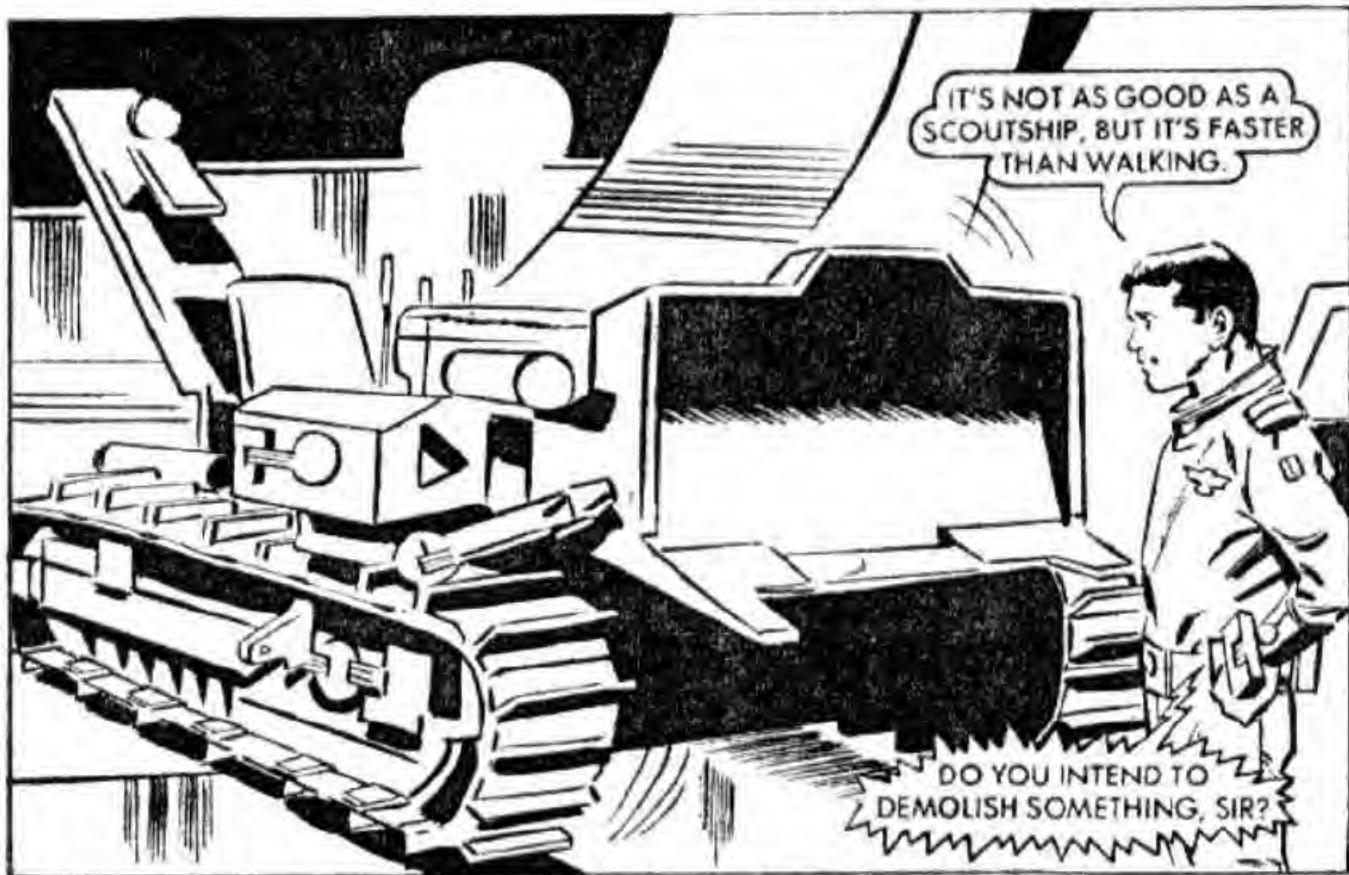














THE OTHER DRAK HAD REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE ALIEN IS TRAVELLING IN
A LAND VEHICLE. SEND
SCOUTSHIPS TO DESTROY
HIM.



NO SIGN OF LIFE AT ALL.
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



THERE WAS LIFE... AND DEATH.

THE PLANT... IT'S ALIVE...



BUT THE SCOUTSHIPS WERE ON THEIR WAY.

WHAT'S THAT FLASH?

PUTE! I'M UNDER ATTACK FROM
DRAK SCOUTSHIPS. DO SOMETHING!

WHAT DO YOU
SUGGEST, SIR?







A THUNDEROUS ROAR BEHIND HIM
ANSWERED HIS QUESTION.





NO SOONER HAD HE BOARDED THE PROTAN CRUISER, THAN IT TOOK OFF.





THE STARBINE WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND.





WE, THE PROTA SALUTE YOU, EARTHTMAN. THERE IS NO REASON FOR FEAR OR DISTRESS. BEFORE MANY REVOLUTIONS HAVE PASSED THE DRAK MENACE WILL BE GONE FROM US. REST WITH US, AND ALL WILL BE WELL.



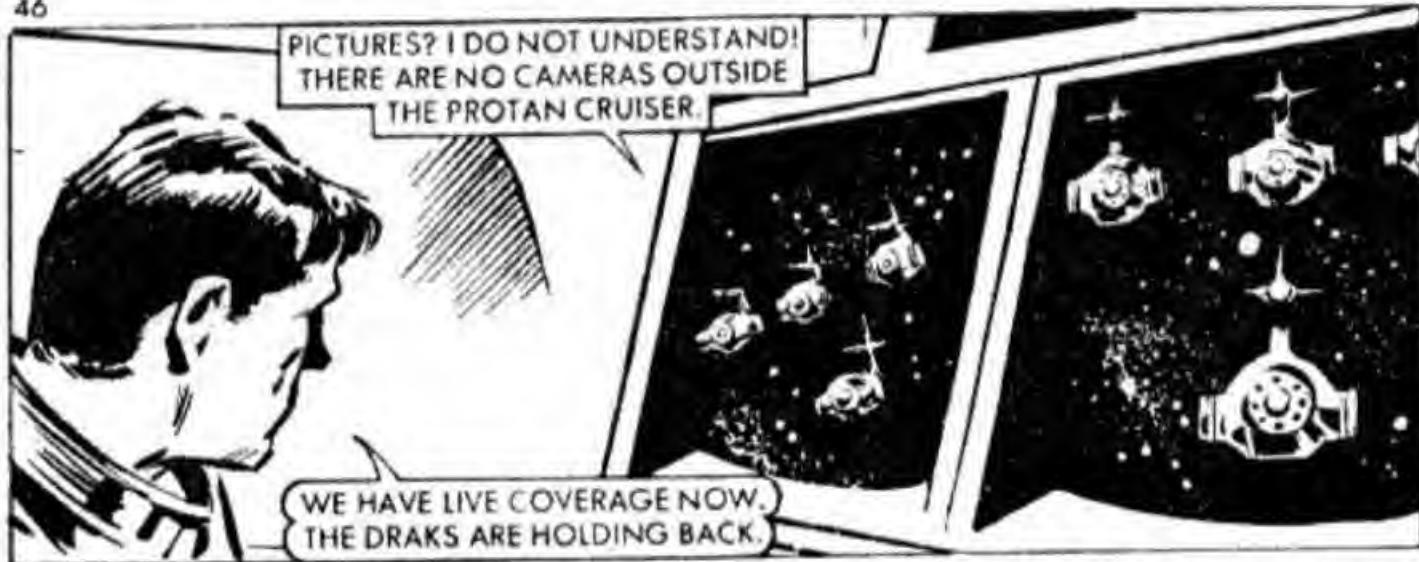
THANKS A BUNCH, PROTA. THAT'S ALL I NEEDED! A DISABLED SHIP, A LOST CARGO, A RESCUE MISSION I CAN'T FOLLOW THROUGH AND NOW FOUR DRAK FRIGATES AFTER MY NECK!



SO, THEY SPEAK . . . BUT WHERE ARE THEY?

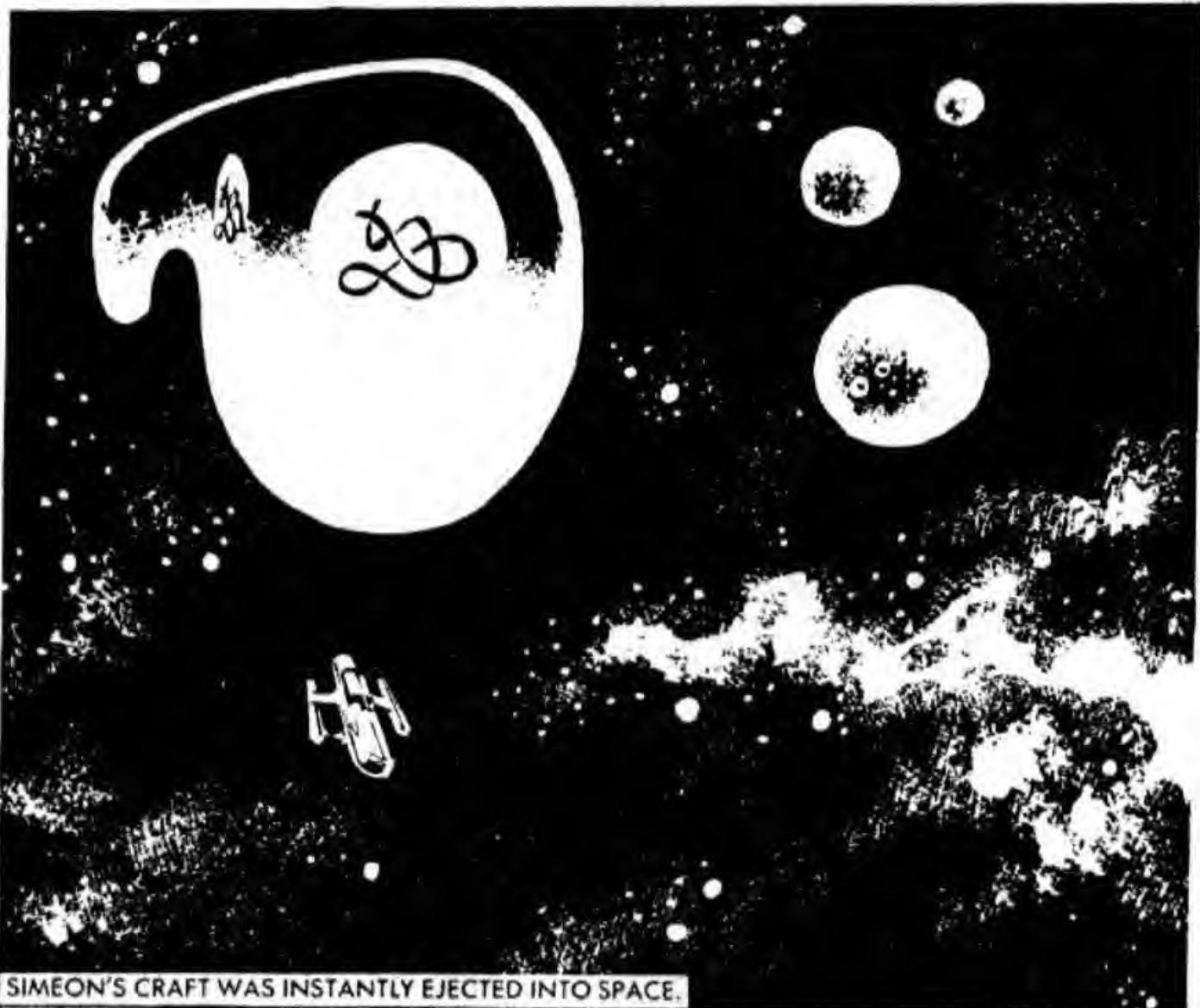






JUST ABOUT ENOUGH TO LIMP
INTO THEIR FIRING LINE, SIR.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE WE CAN BLUFF
THEM. I'LL TELL THEM EARTH STARFLEET'S ON ITS
WAY! HEY, PROTAL ANY CHANCE OF GETTING
OUT THERE?



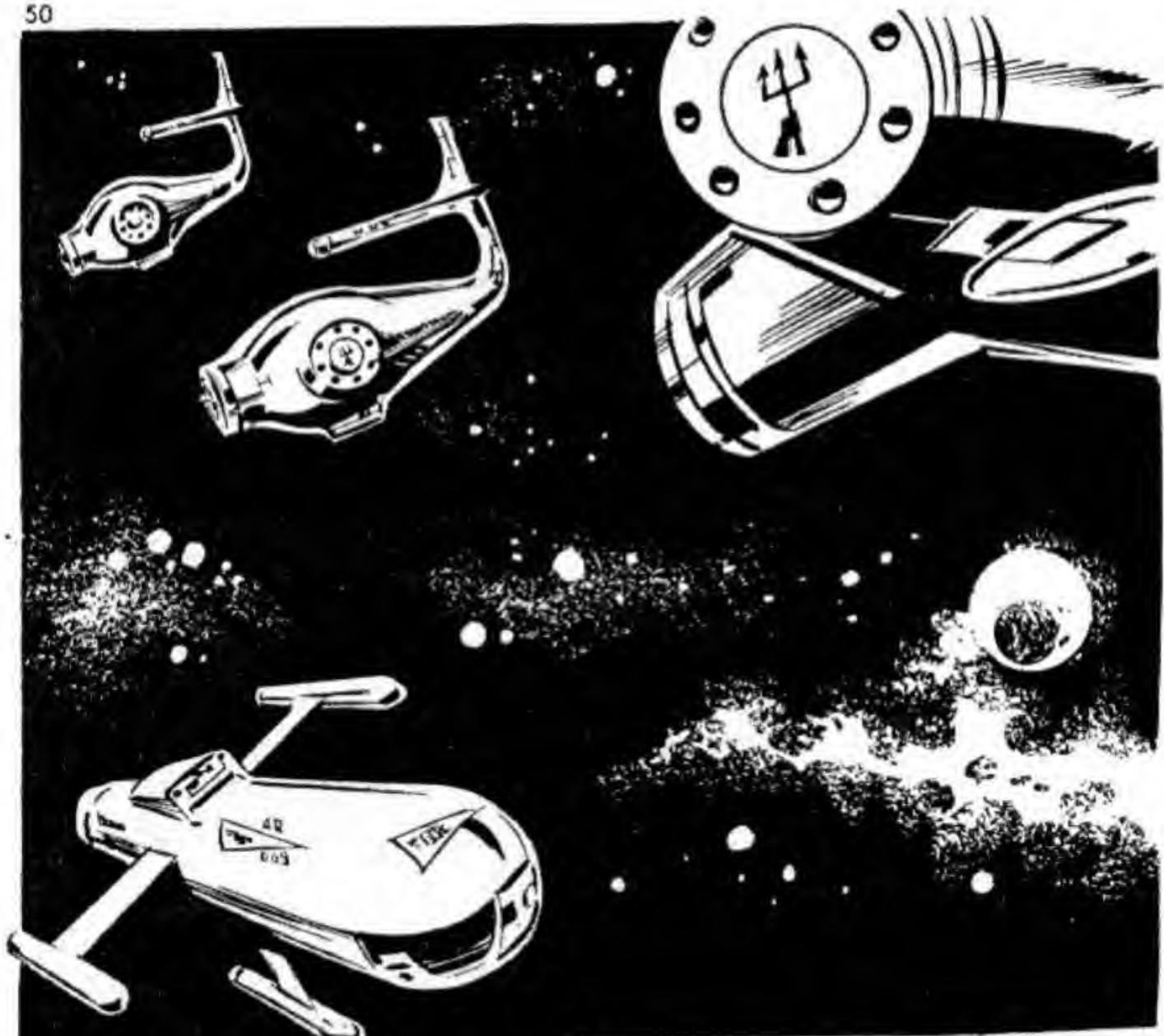
SIMEON'S CRAFT WAS INSTANTLY EJECTED INTO SPACE.





I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, SIR!

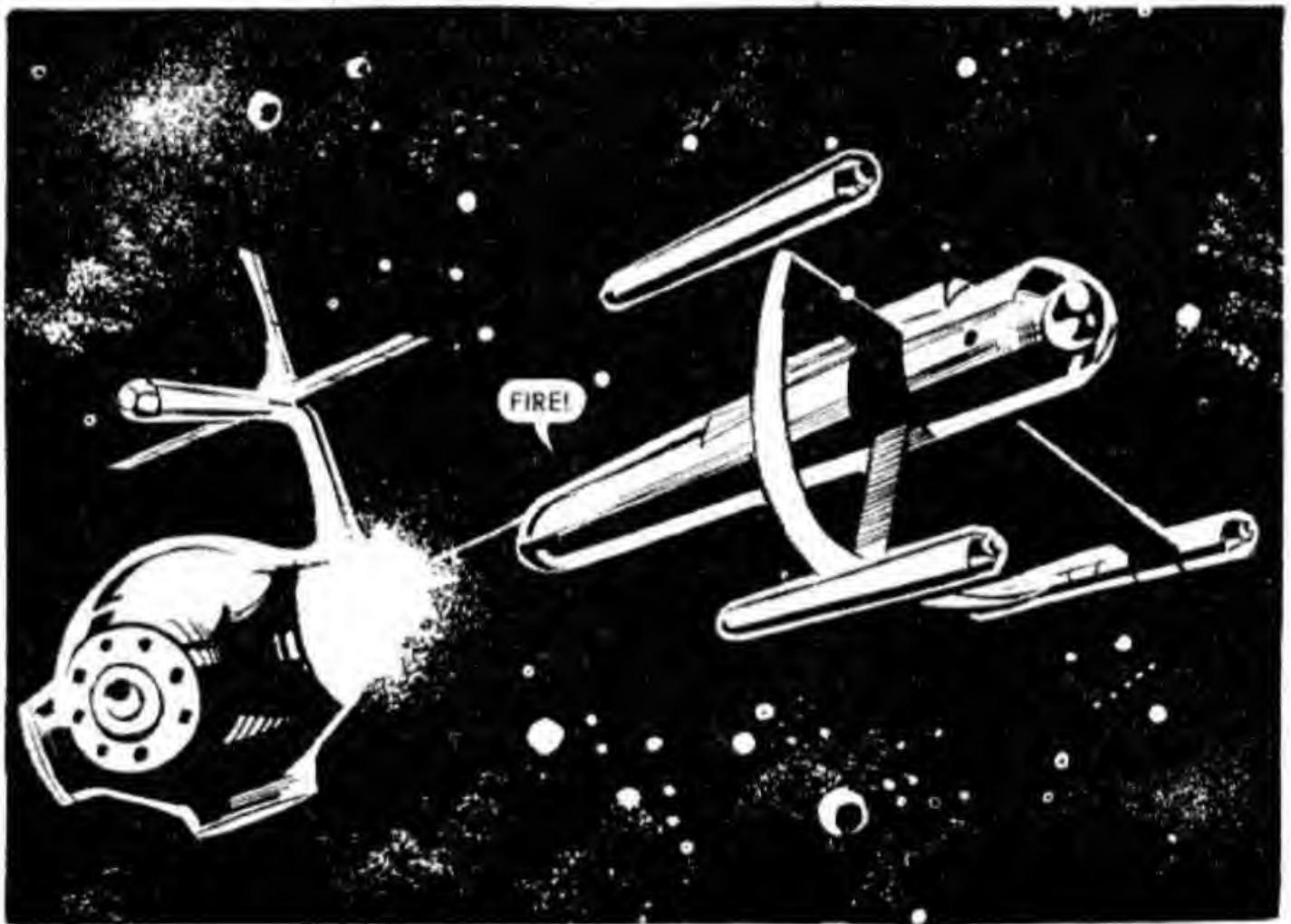
OF COURSE I DO. THEY WON'T DARE
TANGLE WITH EARTH STARFLEET!



ATTENTION DRAK FLAGSHIP. THIS IS AR-DG9 SECONDED TO EARTH STARFLEET. THE PRISONERS YOU HAVE ARE EARTH NATIONALS AND THEREFORE NEUTRAL. RELEASE THEM IMMEDIATELY ON PAIN OF STARFLEET INTERVENTION. MESSAGE ENDS.







THE FEEBLE BLAST HARDLY WARMED THE SURFACE OF THE DRAK FRIGATE, BUT IT DRAINED ALL THE POWER RESERVES FROM THE STARBINE.

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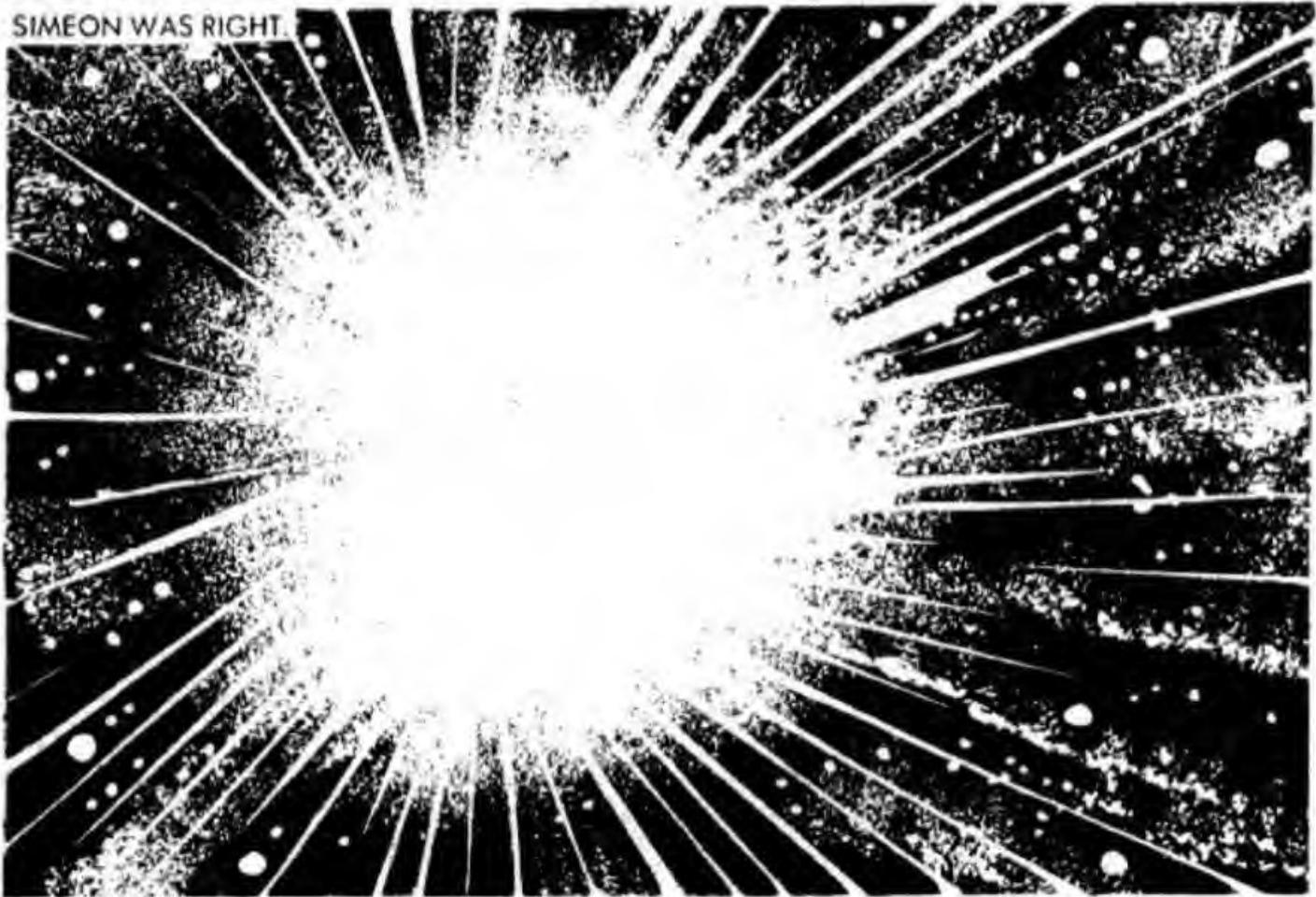
THE LAST REMAINING DRAK SHIPS
TURNED AND FLED.



WHERE ARE THE
HOSTAGES? IF
THEY'RE IN THAT
LAST SHIP, THE
DRAKS WILL BLOW
IT UP.



SIMEON WAS RIGHT.



THE LAST DRAK FRIGATE DISINTEGRATED IN A BLINDING FLASH.





THEY'RE GOING! SURELY THEY
AREN'T GOING TO LEAVE ME HERE!

FOR A MOMENT A GREAT STILLNESS HUNG OVER THE FIELD
OF BATTLE, AND THEN, THE STARBINE LURCHED.

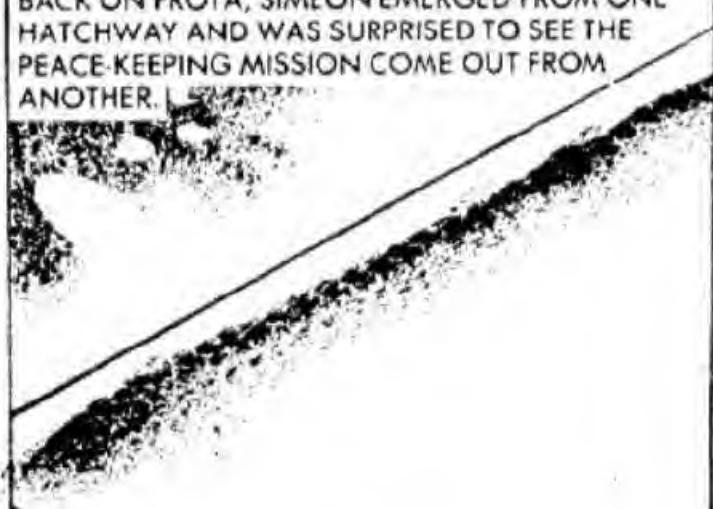


THE CRUISER'S TAKING ME UP INTO
ITS HOLD. I WONDER IF THE
FIGHTERS CAME FROM INSIDE IT!

ONCE INSIDE THE GIANT HOLD OF THE PROTAN CRUISER.



BACK ON PROTA, SIMEON EMERGED FROM ONE HATCHWAY AND WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THE PEACE-KEEPING MISSION COME OUT FROM ANOTHER.



WELL, PUTE OLD FRUIT—WE'VE SURVIVED AGAIN. OR, AT LEAST, I HAVE. WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOU WHEN WE FIND THAT CRASHED STARFLEET SHIP.



AH! YOU MUST BE COMMANDER SIMEON! WE RECEIVED A MESSAGE THAT YOU WERE COMING JUST BEFORE THE DRAK CAPTURED US!





A STRANGE VOICE ECHOED ALL ROUND THEM.



YOU WERE BEAMED CLEAR, EARTH BEINGS . . . YOUR CURIOSITY ABOUT US IS AMUSING. HOWEVER, YOUR AIMS ARE PEACEFUL AND YOU ARE ENTITLED TO AN EXPLANATION.







AND THE GREAT CRUISER
BECAME A HOST OF SMALL FIGHTERS!
NO WONDER WE COULDN'T SEE THE
PROTA—THEY WERE ALL AROUND US
ALL THE TIME!



YOU HAVE NO NEED TO FEAR THE
DRAKS. THEY SHALL NEVER BE
ALLOWED TO BE FREE OF US. THAT
IS OUR TASK. WE ARE THE
GUARDIANS OF PEACE AND OUR
NAME IS DEATH TO EVIL.







TWO DAYS' WORK RESTORED THE STARBINE TO WORKING CONDITION. AT LAST, SIMEON THREW THE SWITCH THAT WOULD BRING PUTE BACK TO LIFE.

THAT WAS A MOST WELCOME REST.
HAVE I MISSED ANYTHING
INTERESTING?

NOT MUCH! COMPUTE A COURSE FOR EARTH...
PUT STARBINE INTO BLAST OFF SEQUENCE!



GOODBYE, PROTA!

FAREWELL, BRAVE ONE... MAY
YOUR RETURN BE IN PEACE.

THERE ARE MANY LIFE FORMS IN THE VAST GALAXIES...
SOME ARE PEACEFUL, AND SOME AREN'T. BUT IN THE
END, GOOD WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER EVIL.

NOW THAT YOU'VE READ
THIS



DON'T
FORGET
THAT
THERE'S
ANOTHER
ONE THIS
MONTH

IT'S ON SALE IN
YOUR NEWSAGENT'S NOW!

STARBLAZERS

IN THE CONQUEST
OF SPACE

(11)

On 12th August, 1962 the Russians launched Andrian Nikolayev into space in Vostok 3. As he passed over his launch base, the Russians launched Vostok 4, piloted by Pavel Popovich. It passed within miles of Vostok 3, performing a brief rendezvous. It was the first time two men had been in space at the same time.

